

A Gentleman from Mississippi

By THOMAS A. WISE

Novelized From the Play by Frederick R. Toombs

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(Continued from Last Week.)

this game, senator, I'll talk right out in meeting, as they call it. I came to ask about an appointment to tip you off on a couple of propositions. I want Jim Hagley taken care of—you've heard of Jim—was clerk of Fenimore county. A \$2,000 a year job 'll do for him; \$500 of that he gives to the organization."

"You're the organization, aren't you?" queried Langdon.

"Why, yes. Are you just getting wise?" cried Sanders. "Haven't I got fellers, voters, voters, VOTERS, d— it, hangin' on to me that needs to be taken care of? An' so I make the fellers that work help those that don't. Why, Langdon, what 'n h— are you kickin' an' questionin' about? Didn't you get my twelve votes in the legislature? Did you have a chance for senator without 'em? Answer me that, will you? Why, with 'em you only had two more than needed to elect, an' the opposition crowd was solid for Wilson," cried the angry boss, pounding the long table before which Langdon sat.

"I'll answer you almighty quick," retorted the now thoroughly aroused senator, elect, rising and shaking his clinched fist at Sanders. "Those twelve votes you say were yours—yours?"

"Yes, mine. Them noble legislators that cast 'em was an' is mine, mine. I tell you, jest like I had 'em in my pocket, an' that's where I mostly carry 'em, so as they won't go strayin' aroun' careless-like."

"You didn't have to vote those men for me. I told you at the capital that I would not make you or anybody else any promises. You voted them for me of your own accord. That's my answer."

"Them noble legislators—At this point the two men were interrupted by the county present when Sanders entered and who had no desire to witness further the unpleasant episode rose to leave, in spite of the urgent request of Colonel Langdon that they remain. The only one reluctant to go was Deacon Amos Smallwood, who, coming to the plantation to seek employment for his son, had not been denied of his desire to join the assemblage of his neighbors.

Last to move toward the door, he stopped in front of Sanders, stretched his five feet three inches of stature on tiptoe and shook a withered fist in the boss' firmly set, determined face.

"Infamous!" shrieked the deacon. "You're a monster! You're unrighteous! You should have belonged to the political machine of Cataline or Pontius Pilate!"

"Never heard tell of 'em," muttered Sanders, deeply puzzled. "Guess they was never in Mississippi in my time."

His accompanying gesture of perplexity caused the deacon to hasten his exit. Tripping over the leg of a chair, he fell headlong into the arms of the watchful Jackson, who received the deacon's blessing for "uplifting the righteous in the hour of their fall."

Relieved at the departure of the witnesses, Sanders showed increased aggressiveness. "To be sure, senator, you were careful not to personally promise me anything for my support at the election, as you say," the leader sneered, "but you had Jim Stevens to make promises for you, which was smooth, absolute an' artistic smooth—"

"Stop, sir!" Langdon furiously shouted. "You forget, sir, that your insinuation is an insult to a man elected senator from Mississippi, an insult to my state and to my friend Senator Stevens, who I know would make you no promises for me, for he had not my authority."

"Certainly you're a senator, but what's a senator anyhow? I'll tell you, Mr. Colonel Langdon, a senator is a man who holds out for his own pocket as much as us fellows that make him will stand for. When we don't get our rightful share, he's through."

With a sudden start, as though to spring at Sanders' throat, Langdon, with compressed lips and eyes blazing, grasped the edge of the table with a grip that threatened to rend the polished boards. With intensest effort he slowly regained control of himself. His fury had actually weakened him. His knees shook, and he sank weakly into a chair. When he finally spoke his voice was strained and laborious. "Sanders, you and I, sir, must never again be in talking might not succeed again in keeping my hands off you. What would my old comrades of the Third Mississippi say if they saw me sitting here and you there with a whole body, sir, after what you have said? They would not believe their eyes, thank God, sir. They would all go over to Stuart City and buy new eyeglasses, sir." A suspicious moisture appeared on the deacon's cheeks which he could not dry too quickly to escape Sanders' observation.

"But I had to let you stay, sir, because you, the sole accuser, are the only one who can tell me what I must know."

"What do you want to know?" asked Sanders, who had realized his great mistake in losing his temper, in talking as openly and as violently as he had and in dragging the name of Senator Stevens into the controversy. He must try to keep Stevens from hearing of this day's blunder, for Jim Stevens knew as well as he, didn't he, that the man who loses his temper, like the man who talks too much, is of no use in politics.

"I want to know how you formed your opinion of political matters—"

senators. Is it possible, sir, that you have actual knowledge of actual happenings that give you the right to talk as you have? I want to know if I must feel shame, feel disgrace, sir, to be a senator from Mississippi, that state, sir, that the Almighty himself, sir, would choose to live in if he came to earth."

"There, there, senator, don't take too seriously what I have said," Sanders replied in reassuring tone, having outlined his course of action. "I lost my head because you wouldn't promise me something I needed—that appointment for Hagley. What I said about senators an' such was all wild words—nothing 'em. Why, how could there be a senator?" This query was a happy afterthought which Sanders craftily suggested in a designedly artless manner.

"Just what I thought and know!" exclaimed Langdon sharply. "It couldn't be; it isn't possible. Now you go, sir, and let it be your greatest disgrace that you are not fit to enter any gentleman's house."

"Oh, don't rub it in too hard, senator. You may need my help some day, but you'll have to deliver the goods beforehand."

"I said, 'Go!'"

"I'm goin', but here's a tip. Don't blame me for fightin' you. I've got to fight to live. I'm a human bein', an' humans are pretty much the same all over the world, all except you—you're only half natural. The rest of you is reformer."

After Sanders' departure the colonel sat at his table, his head resting in his hand, the events of the day crowding his brain bewilderingly.

"The battles of peace are worse than any Beauregard ever led me into," he murmured. "Fighting to conquer oneself is harder than turning the left flank of the Eighth Illinois in an engulfing fire."

But the new senator from Mississippi did not know that for him the wars of peace had only just begun, that perhaps his own flesh and blood and that of the wife and mother who had gone before would turn traitor to his colors in the very thick of the fray.

CHAPTER III.

HOW TO PLEASE A SENATOR.

THE International hotel in Washington was all bustle and bustle. Was it not preparing for its first senator since 1885? No less a personage than the Hon. William H. Langdon of Mississippi, said to be a warm personal friend of Senator Stevens, one of the leading members of his party at the capital, had engaged a suite of rooms for himself and two daughters.

"Ain't it the limit?" remarked the chief clerk to Bud Haines, correspondent of the New York Star. "The senator wrote us that he was coming here because his old friend, the late Senator Moseley, said back in '75 that this was the best hotel in Washington and where all the prominent men ought to stay."

Haines, the ablest political reporter in Washington, had come to the International to interview the new senator, to describe for his paper what kind of a citizen Langdon was. He glanced around at the dingy woodwork, the worn cushions, the nicked and uneven tiles of the hotel lobby, and smiled at the clerk. "Well, if this is the new senator's idea of princely luxury he will fit right into the senatorial atmosphere." Both laughed derisively. "By the way," added Haines, "I suppose you'll raise your rates now that you've got a senator here."

The clerk brought his fist down on the register with a thud. "We could have them every day if we wanted them. This fellow, though, we'll have all winter, I guess. His son's here now. Been breaking all records for drinkin'."

Congressman Norton of Mississippi has been down here with him a few times. There young Langdon is now."

Haines turned quickly, just in time to bump into a tall, slender young man, who was walking unevenly in the direction of the cafe.

"Well, can't you see what you're doing?" muttered the tall young man thickly.

Haines smiled. The chap who has played halfback four years on his college eleven and held the boxing championship in his class is apt to be good natured. He does not have to take offense easily. Besides, Randolph Langdon was plainly under the influence of whisky. So Haines smiled pleasantly at the taller young man.

"Beg your pardon—my fault," Haines said.

"Well, don't let it occur again," mumbled Langdon as he stroiled with uneven dignity toward the door. Bud Haines laughed.

"I guess young Langdon is going to be one of the boys, isn't he?"

"He's already one of them when it comes to a question of fluid capacity," laughed some one behind him, and Bud whirled to meet the gaze of his friend, Dick Cullen, representative of one of the big Chicago dailies.

"You down here to see Langdon, too?" commented Bud.

Cullen nodded. "Queer roost where this senator is to hang out, isn't it?"

"It can't be a rich one, then," suggested Haines.

Cullen chuckled. "Perhaps he's an honest one."

"I hadn't thought of that. You always were original, Dickie," commented Haines dryly. "By the way, what do you know about him?"

A great reputation is a great charge.

"Nothing, except that the Evening Call printed a picture of his eldest daughter—says she's the queen daughter of the south, a famous beauty, rich planter for a father, mother left her a fortune."

"She'll cut quite a social caper with this hotel's name on her cards, won't she?" broke in Haines as he led Cullen to a seat to await the expected legislator, whose train was late.

"I don't know very much about him myself," said Haines. "All I've been able to discover is that Stevens said the word which elected him, and that looks bad. Great glory, when I think what a senator of the right sort has a chance to do here in Washington—a nonpartisan, straight out from the shoulder man!" He paused to shake his head in disgust. "You know these fellows here in the senate don't even see their chance. Why, if you and I didn't do any more to hold off jobs than they do we'd be fired by wire the first day. They know just the old political game, that's all."

"It's a great game, though, Bud," sighed Cullen longingly, for, like many

Editor Argue: Among other improvements I notice that you advocate strongly the building of good roads in Wayne county. On yesterday we drove out with the chairman of the board of county commissioners, who has the general supervision of the improvement and building of roads and was surprised at the work being done in our county. From the corporate limits of our city we drove over a road to Neuse river as well graded and in as fine condition as any street in our city, thence over the river through the sand hills of Wayne county where the convicts are at work building a sand-clay road through Brodgen township to the thoroughfare near Grantham's store, and when it is completed it will be a pleasure to travel on. So much better than the one now at work on. Beyond the river already about four miles are finished, and where one bale of cotton was a heavy load for a team three bales can now be transported by the same team with much more ease and certainly with less wear and tear to vehicles and stock. Another thing we noticed was that where practicable the crooks and blows are taken out and hills graded and through the sand beds (the depth of which has never been ascertained) clay is mired and the roadbed rounded up, making an excellent road to travel over, both in hauling heavier loads or making more speed.

Encourage the good work, Mr. Editor. We know of nothing more beneficial to a community than good roads, and no community realizes the value until they begin to use them. I understand that a number of roads have been built by convict labor in our county, but we believe the work done by the convicts should be supplemented by road working by taxation, not too heavy. Issue bonds to run thirty or forty years and let those who use the roads pay for them instead of taxing the present generation to pay for them, making it a burden on them. Issue bonds, levy a small tax to pay the interest and provide a sinking fund for their payment at maturity, and build good roads from the county seat in various directions to the county lines.

The benefit, both to our city and the county districts will be mutual. The saving in the wear of vehicles and team from the very start will more than pay the additional taxes, to say nothing of the comfort and speed of travel, as well as fewer trips to be made in hauling to market the produce of the farms, on account of being able to haul heavier loads.

Agitate, Mr. Editor.

H.

FROM CALYPSO.

The dwelling of Mr. Kinsey Rogers, near Ward's Bridge, was burned on Monday, March 9. On account of the absence of the family, the entire wardrobe of the family and furniture was a total loss, except a sewing machine that Mrs. Rogers arrived in time to snatch from the flames.

Mr. Peter Davis, one of the original Company E, Twentieth North Carolina, Confederate States Army, died at his home Sunday, March 8, and was buried in the family cemetery in the Bear Marsh section. Mr. Davis was severely wounded in the battle of Cold Harbor and discharged on account of his disability.

Our Mr. Kelly.

Mt. Olive Tribune.

Representative J. E. Kelly, who so ably represented Wayne county in the lower House of the General Assembly, for which he has received the warm congratulations and thanks of the people of all sections of the county, returned to his home yesterday, the Legislature having adjourned Tuesday.

His course in the Legislature was marked by superior wisdom and progressiveness, tempered by refreshing common sense.

Marriage License.

Register of Deeds W. G. Britt has issued marriage licenses as follows:

March 12—Mr. J. C. Baurick and Miss Carrie Grady, of Indian Springs township.

March 13—Mr. A. B. Batten and Miss Annie Dall.

March 12—Mr. C. C. Dall and Miss Lela Batten.

March 12—Mr. Isaac Jackson and Miss Katie McClenny, of Grantham township.

Special sales on Lace Curtains, Window Shades and Hall Curtains at Andrews & Waddell Furniture Co.

PINE-ULES for the Kidneys

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR \$1.00

GOOD ROAD WORK IN WAYNE COUNTY

Citizen Wants County to Issue Bonds to Continue Highway Construction.

A VISIT TO CONVICT CAMP

Beneficial Not Only to County But Also to Goldsboro—Make Better Roads for Traffic and Speed.

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30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR \$1.00

WANT TO PURCHASE FARMS IN THE OLD NORTH STATE

Many Persons Desire Land in North Carolina for Homes and Other Purposes.

A number of inquiries have been made from various places for farm lands in North Carolina, as follows:

L. D. Break, Maple Lake, Minn.—Piedmont farm—Charlotte or Winston-Salem preferred.

Morton Morley, Ridgeway, Ohio, R. F. D. Farm in central part of State.

Elvardo Howard, Stafford Springs, Conn., R. F. D. 2, farm in Charlotte section.

C. F. Bedell, 56 W. 33d St., New York, interested in Charlotte section.

Mrs. Fannie Summers, Box 112, Germantown, Ohio, N. C. farm for home.

Z. E. Stewart, Route 3, West Salem, Ohio, farm in hill section of North Carolina.

Frank Moore, South Cortright, N. Y., farm for purpose of bee-keeping.

T. J. Miller, 35 Blanch street, Baltimore, Md., N. C. farm.

H. W. Ferman, 1314 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., 20,000 acres undeveloped land for colonization purposes.

N. H. Harrell, Alliance, Ohio, farm in this State.

Arthur Austin, North Crandon, Wis., farm to late in State, in vicinity of Northern or Western people.

O. W. Cole, Fowlerville, Mich., farm in Eastern North Carolina.

A. L. Southworth, Pocomoke, Md., N. C. farm.

O. O. Ebbins, 29 W. Philadelphia St., York, Pa., farm in N. C., especially interested in Moore, Randolph and Montgomery counties.

W. H. Love, Webster, Hancock Co., Ill., farm for trucking and fruit growing.

W. R. Strout, Land Title Building Philadelphia, Pa., farm in N. C., especially in Harnett, Moore and Vance counties.

Edward J. Rhoad, 147 W. 91st St., New York, land for forestry purposes.

METHODIST CONFERENCE TO BE HELD AT FAISON

Presiding Elder R. F. Bumpas Will Preside Over Sessions—Prominent Churchmen Take Part.

The New Bern District Conference of the M. E. Church, South, will be held at Faison the coming week, and the people of this section are looking forward to this event with pleasure.

The conference will convene Tuesday morning, March 16, at 9 o'clock, and continue throughout the entire week, the conference host being Rev. E. E. Rose, pastor of the Mount Olive and Faison Methodist churches.

The sessions of the conference will be open to the public, and people of all denominations are cordially invited to attend, and partake of the broad hospitality that will be extended. Presiding Elder R. F. Bumpas will preside over the sessions of the conference, and a number of prominent men of the church will be present and deliver addresses, notably among which will be Dr. John C. Kilgo, Dr. Thos. N. Ivey, and Dr. Zollieffer, the latter being leader of the Laymen's Movement for the North Carolina Conference.

Dr. Kilgo, than whom there is not a more prominent educator and public speaker in the State, will preach a special series of sermons on vital questions before the preachers and laymen of the district, and it will be worth the while of every one to hear these able addresses.

A feature of the conference will be the Laymen's Day, beginning at 3 p. m., Thursday, for which an attractive program has been arranged. This will be under the leadership of Dr. Zollieffer.

A missionary institute will be held in connection with the conference.

NOTICE OF SALE.

Under and by virtue of a mortgage bearing date September 26, 1907, executed by Eliza Mumford to the undersigned, registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne County, North Carolina, in Book 93, Page 146, I will sell for cash by public auction at the Court House door in Goldsboro, North Carolina, on Friday, March 19, 1909, at 12 o'clock, M., the lands described in said mortgage as follows:

A certain tract of land situate in Wayne County, North Carolina, conveyed in a deed bearing date February 4, 1904, executed by Lewis Burnett to Eliza Mumford, registered in the office of the Register of Deeds of Wayne County, North Carolina, in Book 86, Page 23, and therein described as follows: Fronting on the road leading from Goldsboro to Dorchester bridge across Little River, beginning at a stake on the road, and runs E. 18 W. to a stake in the center line to a corner; N. 72 W. 108 feet to a stake; then N. 18 E. to the county road; then with the road to the beginning, containing six-tenths of an acre, more or less, being the land bought from M. C. Wagoner by said Lewis Burnett by deed, recorded in Book 47, Page 281, Register's office of said county, to which deed reference is here made, being the lands upon which Lewis Burnett resided at the time of his death.

This 17th day of February, 1909.

F. A. DANIELS, Mortgagee.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ARGUS.

S.S.S. THE REMEDY FOR SORES AND ULCERS

The combination of healthful vegetable ingredients of which S. S. S. is composed, makes it an especially desirable and effective remedy in the treatment of sores and ulcers of every kind. Since an impure condition of the blood is responsible for the trouble, a medicine that can purify the blood is the only hope of a successful cure; and it should be a medicine that not only cleanses the circulation, but one that at the same time restores the blood to its normal, rich, nutritive condition. S. S. S. is just such a remedy. It is made entirely of healing, cleansing vegetable properties, extracted from nature's roots, herbs and barks of the forest and fields. It has long been recognized as the greatest of all blood purifiers, possessing the qualities necessary to remove every impurity in the blood. When S. S. S. has purified the circulation, and strengthened and enriched it, sores and ulcers heal readily and surely, because they are no longer fed and kept open by a continual discharge into them of irritating disease-laden matter from the blood. S. S. S. brings about a healthy condition of the flesh by supplying it with rich, nourishing blood and makes a permanent and lasting cure. Book on Sores and Ulcers and any medical advice mailed free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Nervous Women

For nervous, tired women, we recommend Cardui. Cardui is a woman's medicine. It acts specifically on the female organs and has a tonic, building effect on the whole system. It contains no harmful ingredients, being a pure vegetable extract. If you suffer from some form of female trouble, get Cardui at once and give it a fair trial.

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Mrs. W. W. Gardner, of Paducah, Ky., tried Cardui and writes: "I think Cardui is just grand. I have been using it for eleven years. I am 48 years old and feel like a different woman, since I have been taking it. I used to suffer from bearing down pains, nervousness and sleeplessness, but now the pains are all gone and I sleep good. I highly recommend Cardui for young and old." Try it.

AT ALL DRUG STORES

WOMAN'S NATURE

Is to love children, and no home can be happy without them, yet the ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass usually is so full of suffering and dread that she looks forward to the hour with apprehension. Mother's Friend, by its penetrating and soothing properties, allays nausea, nervousness, unpleasant feelings, and so prepares the system for the ordeal that she passes through the event with but little suffering, as numbers have testified and said, "it is worth its weight in gold."

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3000 Tons Prolific Cotton Grower, 2000 Tons Farmers Favorite Fertilizers,

1000 Tons Carolina Golden Belt, 2000 Tons Bull Head Tobacco Guano.

1000 Tons Carliona; Cotton Guano, 1000 Tons High Grade Truck Guano

1000 Tons Eagle Island,

1000 Tons Cotton Seed Meal,

500 Tons Nitrate of Soda,

300 Tons Muriate of Potash,

300 Tons Sulphate of Potash.

It will pay you to see us before you buy.

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